Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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FILIAL DUTY.

"Grieve not thy Father, so long as he liveth."

Thy Father! Why, with locks of snow
Are thus his sacred temples clad?
Why droops he o'er his staff so low
With trembling limbs and visage sad?
Care hath his brow with wrinkles scarr'd,
His clustering ringlets shred away,
And time with tyrant sceptre marr'd
The glory of his manhood's away.

How oft that palsied hand hath led
Thine infant footsteps weak with fear,
How gently bow'd that reverend head
Thy childhood's broken tale to hear;
And when those wayward feet have stray'd
'Mid youthful follies rashly free,
Those lips invok'd at midnight's shade
The pardon of thy God for thee.

If now his speech should dotage flow,
Or eye, or ear, be dull and dead,
Then to his second childhood show
The love that smooth'd thy cradle bed.
Grieve not thy sire! for if his love
Unblest, or unrequited be,
He whom thou call'st thy sire above,
Will bend a judge's frown on thee. L. H. S.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

BY A LADY.

STORY OF NINA.

"My family name," said Nina, "is Genovesi, and my earliest recollections are blended with my mother—my beautiful mother! My father died while I was yet a feeble, wailing infant, leaving ...

From the Louisville Journal.

THE DYING MOTHER.

On breezy pinion mournful eve came singing
Over the silent hills, and to the glades
And violet-beds a stream of odors bringing,
And waking music in the forest-shades;
For 't was the time when the lone cotter wending
His silent way along the foot-path dim,
Sought his loved home, where gentle voices blending
Sent up the music of an evening hymn.

A lovely length of moon-lit waters, lightly
Broke into sudden brightness on the strand,
While thro' the sky's soft fleecy net work, brightly
The stars looked out upon the stilly land;
But sadly 'neath them gleamed two lovely faces
(Oh! fearful things and sad the stars to see)
For they were strangers, roaming thro' strange places—
A mother with her boy beside her knee.

Her only shelter was the blue-arched heaven,
As to her child's she bent her earnest face,
For well she knew another whispering even
Would find her form a thing of Death's embrace:
And, as she saw the quivering tear-drop springing
Into his eyes, and heard him ask for bread,
Swift thoughts like lightning thro' her brain went winging,
And thus she poured them o'er his fair young head.

Boy! I would fain return thy fond caresses,
But I must put thee from my heart away,
On the cold earth to lay,
And tho' upon thee Hunger harshly presses,
Planting within thee deep its gnawing fangs,
I cannot stay thy pangs.

For I have wandered till I'm worn and weary,
Seeking a shelter for thy weary head,
Or a spare crust of bread,
But have found none, and now, heart-sick and dreary,
I lay me down beneath the quiet sky
To bless thee, boy, and die.

It is, alas! a mournful thing to leave thee,
In this cold world to thy young thoughts alone,
For oh! when I am gone
No smiling mother will at eve receive thee,
Bending o'er thy hushed lip and folded eye—
Alas, that I must die!

But thou wilt think upon the prayer I taught thee,
When life with us flowed smoothly as a song
Our native hills among,
And how at noon-tide I have often brought thee,
In thy young beauty to thy father's side,
With all a mother's pride.

And when for rest thou seek'st the rich man's dwelling,
Should he from his bright mansion bid thee flee,
Speaking harsh things to thee,
Let not thy heart with dark despair be swelling,
For soft to thee will be the velvet sod,
If thou wilt trust in God.

And each pale lily, o'er the waters stooping,
From its pure alabaster vase will shed
A gleam about thy head,
And the red berries in rich clusters drooping
From many a bended bough in this dark wood
Will be thy fragrant food.

For thou must wander by each low-voiced river,
And school thy timid heart to be alone
When the night-winds make moan,
And when the forest-leaves above thee shiver
To calmly lay thee 'neath their solemn shade,
And not to be afraid.

For He, who in His glory dwells above thee,
Who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb,
With a deep Sabbath calm
Will fill thy heart, and in his mercy love thee,
[illegible]

And now, farewell! the early morn will wake thee
Unto a fearful sight, thy mother, child,
Dead in a forest-wild;
And sudden sorrow, like a storm, will shake thee,
But God will still the tempest in thy breast—
A blessing on thee rest! AMELIA.

NOTES ON THE WESTERN STATES.

BY JAMES HALL.

The Prairies—their Appearance.

It is perhaps not easy to account for the intense curiosity and surprise, which have been universally excited by the existence of these plains; for they have been found in various parts of the world. The steppes of Asia, the pampas of South America, and the deserts of Africa, are alike destitute of timber. But they have existed from different causes; and while one has been found too arid and sterile to give birth to vegetation, and another snow-clad and inhospitable, others exist in temperate climates and exhibit the most amazing fertility of soil. These facts show that there are various causes inimical to ...

... they are thrown up by *crayfish*, who always burrow in the clay, and not in rich or crumbling soil, that would cave in and mar their labor; in drier situations they have been thrown up by industrious colonies of ants, who also belong to the clay party, and make their internal improvements in the kind of earth best suited to their purpose.

HOME.

If ever peace with gentle wing,
Visits our cold and cloudy clime,
Or stoops, her radiant lines to fling
Upon the stormy shores of Time.
Surely her light and gentle feet,
A timid dove, delight to roam
Where hearts with hearts in union meet
Among the quiet scenes of home.

If ever Joy, in robes of light,
To bless the bowed and weary one,
Comes downward through the long, long night
Of sorrow, from her sun-lit throne
Where can a resting place be found,
Her pure and stainless spirit come,
But in the sympathies around,
And to the blessed holds of home!

If ever Love, the first, the best,
The sweetest dream to mortals given,
One little spot of earth has dress'd
With dews, and rays, and flowers of heaven;
It is that spot of verdant green,
Where Virtue and her handmaids come,
To deck with simple charms the scene,
And bless the holy haunts of home.

If ever Hope, that to the heart
Is as the sunshine to the flower,
Comes to the spirit to impart
Her sweetest and her freshest power—
'T is when pale Sorrow waves her shroud,
The darkest in Life's vaulted dome,
And sweetly beams upon the cloud,
Her rainbow promise pointing home.

From the Young Ladies' Companion.

THE FATHER.

A TALE.

"Cheer up! Frank Burham—cheer up," exclaimed Tom Harden, who was sitting with his intimate associate, by a table in an elegantly furnished apartment. "Why, man, you look so sour, I really believe it effects the wine in that glass, standing before you. Ah! I see how it is, thinking of the heiress, eh! But in sober truth, Frank, it's time that affair was settled; or, hang me, if I see how we are to square accounts with our landlady."

"No, no, I assure you, Tom, she's the last one to trouble my thoughts. But to tell you the truth, I have this day seen Major Middleton, and his presence here brings no good for either of us."

"The father of the lovely and angelic Ellen, as you used to call her; the girl you was in love with—ha, ha, ha! But I wonder what has brought the old fellow so far from home?"

"It is only a two hours ride," answered Burnham. "He has business with me, and a pretty serious affair it is likely to become. You understand me, Tom."

"You have reference to that little difficulty with the Major's daughter," returned his friend.

"The same," said Burnham, "and if you have some little advice on the subject, it would not come amiss. It is an exceedingly awkward situation for a person to stand in. The Major insists upon my doing him justice, and in case I refuse, he throws out hints which it is impossible easily to misunderstand."

"Egad; Frank," exclaimed his companion, laying his finger sagaciously beside his nose and giving Frank a most knowing wink—"marrying the old fellow's daughter is entirely out of the question, so long as the heiress——You understand—so I see but one alternative; and if the Major will call you out, why fight him like a man."

"That will not do, Tom," returned Burnham; "I am not inclined to such desperate measures—and if you could pacify him by using gentler—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Harden; one would ...

Saturday Evening Post.

AUGUST 18, 1838.

SILK INTELLIGENCE.

LANCASTER SILK COMPANY.

We have been presented by Mr. Carson, with a specimen of the first silk reeled by him, which is very beautiful, being even, of fine texture and glossy appearance. The process of reeling is now going on at the factory, west end of Chesnut street. The reel used by Mr. Carson, was made by his direction, and appears to be an improvement of the Piedmontese reel, which is considered the best one in use. A double crop of silk was made at this establishment the last season; and Mr. C. is preparing for a second the present summer. Those gentlemen who have labored to introduce more extensively into the country this important manufacture, merit the gratitude of the community; and we sincerely wish them a rich reward for their patriotism. The Lancaster company have a thriving plantation of the morus multicaulis and Italian mulberry. The cocoons are of a pearly white color, but we neglected to ask whether they were fed promiscuously on both kinds of leaves, or whether but one was used.—*Lan. Jour.*

It has been satisfactorily proved that the U. States can produce silk superior in quality to that produced by any nation whatever. With a climate neither too humid or warm, but exactly suited to the disposition and habits of the silk worm, we must eventually become as famous for our exportation of our raw silk as we are for our cotton. All that is wanting on our part, is a determination to "GO AHEAD," and in a few years we shall be ranked first upon the list of silk growing nations.

But, for years to come, we care not for a foreign market; our immense population, by its demands for the fabric, will cause all the raw material to be worked up within our own borders. We shall no longer look to China, France [illegible]

[illegible]

SCIENTIFIC SELECTIONS.

WEIGHT OF THE EARTH.

[illegible]

A BONELESS ARM.

[illegible]

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

[illegible]

TURKEY AND EGYPT.

[illegible]

RUSSIA AND THE CIRCASSIANS.

[illegible]

AMERICAN ARTISTS IN ENGLAND.

[illegible]

From the Baltimore American.

VIOLENT TORNADO AND LOSS OF LIFE.

[illegible]

From the London Globe.

THE GORGON STEAM FRIGATE.

[illegible]

THE BRITISH QUEEN.

[illegible]

SYNOPSIS OF A LAW

To provide for the better security of the lives of passengers on board steamboats or vessels.

Sec. 1. Requires all vessels propelled in whole or in part by steam, to take out before the 1st Oct. next a new license, subject to the conditions hereafter.

Sec. 2. Prohibits all vessels propelled as above, from transporting passengers or goods, "in or upon the bays, lakes, rivers, or other navigable waters of the United States," after the 1st of Oct. without such new license.—Penalty for non-compliance five hundred dollars, for which a boat may be proceeded against summarily.

Sec. 3. Authorises the District Judge to appoint competent and faithful persons to inspect hulls, boilers and machinery of every steam vessel, whenever requested so to do by the master or owner thereof, which inspectors are to furnish duplicate certificates of their inspection, and to take an oath faithfully to discharge their duty. No one to be appointed who is interested in the manufacture of steam engines and machinery.

Sec. 4. Requires the person appointed to inspect the hull of any steamboat, to state in his certificate the age of the boat, when and where built, and how long it had been running; and also whether the vessel is in his opinion sound and seaworthy. Fee $5 to be paid by the owner or master.

Sec. 5. Imposes the same duties on the person required to inspect the boilers—the certificate to state the age thereof, and whether sound or fit for use. One copy of the certificate to be delivered to the collector, the other to "be posted up and kept in some conspicuous part of the boat." Fee as above.

Sec. 6. The inspection under the 4th sec. to be made once a year, that under the 5th sec. twice a year—the certificate of such inspection to be delivered by the owner or master to the collector, under the penalty of forfeiture of the license, and incurring the penalties of running without a license. A "competent number of experienced and skilful engineers" to be kept by the owners on board every boat—and for neglect of doing so, the owners and masters liable "for all damages to the property or any passengers on board occasioned by explosion or by derangement of the machinery."

Sec. 7. Requires under the penalty of $200, that whenever the boat stops for passengers, freight or fuel, the safety valve shall be opened "so as to keep the steam down in the boiler as near as practicable to what it is when the boat is under headway."

Sec. 8. Requires under the penalty of $300, boats navigating the lakes or the ocean, if not over 200 tons, to carry "two long boats or yawls each competent to carry at least twenty persons." Larger steamers to carry at least three such yawls.

Sec. 9. Requires under the penalty all steamers referred to in sec. 2, to carry with them an engine and suction-hose in good order, and to use iron rods or chains instead of tiller ropes.

Sec. 10. Requires steam vessels running between sunset and sunrise to carry lights—penalty $200.

Sec. 11. All penalties to be sued for in the District Court, where the offence occurs, or where the owner or master resides. One half for the informer, the other half for the United States.

Sec. 12. "Every captain, engineer, pilot, or other persons employed on board a steamboat," through whose "negligence, misconduct, or inattention," life is lost, shall be deemed "guilty of man-slaughter," and upon conviction, be sentenced to confinement at hard labor for not more than ten years.

Sec. 13. In all actions against steamboat owners or masters the "bursting of the boiler, collapse of a flue, or injurious escape of steam," shall be taken as "full prima facie evidence, sufficient to charge the defendant, or those in his employ, with negligence by him or those in his employment.—*New York American.*

Here is legislation enough. It now remains with travellers and juries to give it full effect upon the first and every fitting occasion.

INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.

The following is from a new work on Natural History, published in England.

Travelling Cats.—A lady residing in Glasgow, had a handsome cat sent to her from Edinburg; it was conveyed to her in a close basket, and in a carriage. She was carefully watched for two months, but having produced a pair of young ones at the end of that time, she was left at her own discretion, which she very soon employed in disappearing with both her kittens. The lady at Glasgow wrote to her friend in Edinburg, deploring her loss, and the cat was supposed to have formed some new attachment, with as little reflection as men and women sometimes do. About a fortnight, however, after her disappearance at Glasgow, her well known mew was heard at the street door of her old mistress, and there she was with both her kittens; they in the best [illegible] very thin. It is clear that she [illegible] tance from Edinburg to Glasgow is sixty miles, so that if she brought one kitten part of the way, and then went back for the other, and thus conveyed them alternately, she must have travelled one hundred and twenty miles at least. Her prudence must likewise have suggested the necessity of journeying in the night, with many other precautions for the safety of her young.

Speaking of the instinct of birds he observes: "That it would appear from the following instance, that birds have an extraordinary faculty in avoiding danger, although it be not apparent at the time. Some years ago, a large and beautiful ash tree was blown down in the vicarage garden of Newcastle-upon-Tyine. About 140 distinct rings marked the growth of this tree, and those circles which remained became too minute to be counted; the tree was thus of great age, but was found decayed near the root. A colony of rooks had been accustomed to build their annual nests upon this tree; but, on a sudden, and before the tempest which had uprooted it, they deserted it, and for no apparent reason, and took up their abode in another ash tree growing near, the situation of which was between the chimneys of the adjoining houses.

LIGHTNING.

The name of the boy killed by lightning on Monday at the Farm School, is Benj. Franklin Mead, aged 12 years. He was in his class at school but two hours before and recited; it being the visiting day for relatives. In company with Charles Davenport, he was at the east end of the island when the shower came up. His clothes were much torn, the crown of his hat and the soles of his shoes taken off, and the shock passed off on the side of his shoe. He was buried at the Farm School yesterday, A. M. (Tuesday,) followed by his young companions, and the government of the Institution. The occasion was deeply interesting and affecting. Prayer, with suitable remarks, were offered, and an appropriate Hymn sung by the boys. Dr. J. B. Brown was soon called to visit Davenport, and spent the night with him. By the blessing of Providence on his kind and skilful attention, this boy has quite recovered, and will soon be well. For many hours he lay senseless. Dr. B. examined the remains of Mead, and we hope will give the public the result, as it is but seldom that an opportunity offers to gain that information. The apparel may be seen on application to Dr. B. and presents a singular appearance of the effect of lightning.

P. S.—Dr. Brown has published a statement in the Daily Advertiser of this morning—from which we extract the following:—

"On Monday afternoon, the 6th inst. one of the boys belonging to the Farm School, by the name of Benj. Franklin Mead, was instantly killed by lightning on Thompson's Island. He went out with one of his companions, by the name of Davenport, to drive home the cows, *before the shower*. He was found dead, lying in the pasture on the east side of the Island, about a quarter of a mile from the Farm School House. There is not a tree, or shrub on that part of the Island. He was in the open pasture with nothing, not even a fence near, to attract the lightning. It seems from the appearance of his clothes, and the examination of his body, that the shaft struck him on the top of his head; passed down the left side of it, making a furrow and scorching the hair to the skin—it then passed down the neck, shoulders and trunk, making an eschar, all the way, until it came to his legs, when it divided, and passed down his legs, until it came to his feet; it then burst out, from each of his shoes, *on the inside*, and penetrated the ground, at a point equi-distant from each leg. The hole where it perforated the ground was about two inches in diameter.—Mead had on one of those thick, firm straw hats, such as the boys at the Farm School usually wear. His pantaloons, which were new, and made of the thickest kind of cotton cloth, looked as though a large charge of buck shot had passed through them, both before and behind. The seam on the outside of the left leg, was entirely ripped apart, as high as the knee.

Post Mortem Examination.—A considerable quantity of blood has been discharged from the ears and nostrils. About three ounces of blood was found on the outside of the cranium, between that and the scalp; and on the inside of the cranium, between that and the duramater eight ounces of black blood were found extravasated—black as ink. The brain was apparently uninjured. There was no water, or blood in the ventricles. There was no apparent derangement in the thoracic, or abdominal cavities, except rather an unusual quantity of water on the latter.

I am told that Mead was a bright scholar, and had conducted himself during his residence at the Farm School in such a manner, as to meet the approbation of the managers and superintendent of that institution."

Dreadful Effects of Lightning.—On last Saturday afternoon, as a young man named Edward Kelly was sitting on the step in front of his father's house, in Bristol, Pa. he was struck by [illegible]

[illegible] and animated discussions are held at every corner, but who sees the hand of man raised against man? We trust that our city police will be vigilant and untiring in the pursuit of the perpetrators of this guilty deed.—*Baltimore Chronicle.*

MOST DARING ASSASSINATION.

[illegible]

From the New Orleans Picayune.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

Lee, the wretch who so inhumanly abused his wife, and who was sentenced to two years imprisonment in the State's Prison for his brutal offence, was visited on his arrival at Baton Rouge, with a punishment more suitable to his offence than the one meted out by law. It seems that on his arrival in the steamer Levant, on the 30th ult. there was a large force assembled at the landing sufficient to overpower the guard who had the miserable Lee in custody. He was immediately seized by those on the look-out, taken to a convenient spot, and a sentence passed and carried into effect more suited to the enormity of his offence than the one awarded him by our criminal code, the framers of which never supposed human nature capable of a crime so entirely at variance with any thing ever even thought of or committed by any being bearing the semblance of humanity.

That Lee merited all the severity he received, and even more, there can be no doubt. No penalty could well be too rigorous for so diabolical a monster; but at the same time, it should be remembered, that we live under a government of laws. If the laws be insufficient to punish guilt as it deserves, then it is better than even the vilest wretch should escape through the too great leniency of our laws, than that those laws and the order and peace of society [illegible] ebullitions of popular violence.

While, then, we admit that the wretch has received no more than strict justice for his brutality toward one whom he was bound to protect, we must at the same time express our regret, that the ends of justice should have been accomplished by means of a direct violation of the laws of the land. Much as we applaud the end, it does not justify the means.

A WESTERN MONSTER.

The famed sea serpent of the Atlantic has not, as heretofore, been rusticating off Nahant this season. The lovers of marvel have not therefore been set agape, as usual, by the wonderful stories respecting that father of snakes.

But we have tidings of a Western serpent, which will supply, measurably, the place of his mammoth prototype. It is termed "The monster of Devil Lake." A correspondent of the Logansport (Ind.) Telegraph, says it was discovered by some men of the name of Robinson, in a small lake, about two miles in length, and one-half mile in breadth, and of unknown depth, in the vicinity of Rochester, in that state. The serpent is said to be sixty feet in length. One person, Mr. Lindsay, who saw the animal, describes the head as being "three feet across the frontal bone, and having something of the contour of a beef's head, but the neck tapering and having the character of the serpent; color dingy, with large bright yellow spots." The Indians who live in the vicinity of the lake, never venture upon it for the purpose of fishing or bathing. They have long known it by the name of "Lake Man-i-too," or Devil Lake, on account of the serpent, or Man-i-too, (devil) as they call it, that lives in it.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

POLICE.

CHARGE OF FORGERY.—Some few days since, Mr. George W. Foster, formerly of the firm of Rogers & Co. of Boston, was arrested on a charge of forgery, preferred by Joseph Chamberlain, of No. 101 Maiden lane. Mr. C. stated that in July last, the accused called upon him with a bill of exchange drawn by Rogers & Co. of Boston, for $1050 50, at 4 months, payable to their order on account of Thomas M. Pomeroy, and endorsed by Rogers & Co. This he wished to leave as collateral security for his (Mr. C.'s) note for $492; but Mr. C. refused the loan of the note, when the accused said he would procure the endorsement of his brother, A. K. Foster, and Otis Loomer, if he would lend him the note. To this Mr. C. assented, and the accused soon returned with the bill of exchange endorsed by those gentlemen, when the note was loaned and the bill of exchange left with Mr. C. A few days since he chanced to show it to A. K. Foster, who at once pronounced the signature of his name a forgery, and Mr. Loomer said the same as to his name. In consequence of this Foster was arrested, and, after being examined, was committed to answer the charge.—*Courier.*

Coroner's Inquest on the body of an infant aged nine weeks, the child of Mrs. Caroline Kebbler, residing on the corner of Church and Warren streets. The facts concerning the death of this infant are extremely distressing, and may serve as a caution to mothers in future. It appears that Mrs. K. who is a *mute*, and who has been married about a year, went out to the Asylum of the Deaf and Dumb, on Wednesday, to see some of her old friends and playmates, taking the child with her. On her return, she got out of the car at Walker street, and walked home, with the child asleep in her arms. As she could not of course hear, she was in constant anxiety lest something should run against her and injure the infant, so she pressed it close to her bosom and went on at a rapid pace, turning her head either way almost every instant to see if any thing was coming. On reaching home, her agony may be better imagined than described when on laying the child down, she found it a lifeless corpse. In her anxiety to shield it from harm, she had pressed it too closely to her bosom, and being unable to hear its cries, if any were uttered, the helpless innocent was smothered. A female who was in company with her, testified to these facts before a coroner's jury, who returned a verdict in accordance with the above circumstances.—*Courier.*

Counterfeiters in New York.—A Mr. Philander Worden, and two females named Rosetta Jackson and Matilda Vaskins, were arrested at Flatlands, Long Island, on Sunday last, on a charge of passing five dollar counterfeit bills of the Morris Canal Banking Company, while on a visit to Coney Island—another woman in company escaped, after the arrest. They were examined before Joseph Dean, Esq. of Brooklyn, on Monday, and from the evidence, it is presumed they will be committed to prison for trial before the Court of Quarter Sessions. Mr. Worden called for the refreshments at the different hotels where they stopped on their way to the Island, and the ladies very kindly paid for them in these counterfeits.

LITERARY OMNIBUS.

[illegible]

FLARE UP AT BOWDOIN.

[illegible]

THE EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, August 18, 1838.

We would invite the attention of our readers to a communication in another column from Mr. Harris.

On Sunday afternoon, a keg five pints of spirits was seized by a trader on the ground on the Ridge Turnpike Road. Such kegs were selected, and the liquor was so given to us to assist his detection. Such a trick is worthy of the distinguished character of the trader.

Coin has been sold at Baltimore for one dollar per hundred, which is an advance of twenty-five per cent. within the last two weeks. The best Virginia notes, and the best bank notes of some of the Southern States, are also sold at one dollar to 1.87½ cents per hundred.

An inquest was held on Tuesday evening, on the body of a coloured boy, about nine years old, who had been found drowned at Almond street wharf.

The 54th instalment of the Nuppelian Intelligence has been received by the agent of the United States in Europe, and will be forwarded to this country in gold. The Globe says, when received and the said proceeds ascertained, the Treasury Department will give the balance of $350,000 of the first and third of payments.

A man named Bailey, was killed by lightning striking the chimney on Saturday evening, at Hartford, this city. Several persons were in the house at the time, with him, but the force of his fall prevented any from receiving injury.

The Banks in many of the states have resumed the payment of specie, and notwithstanding all the threats that have been made, and the efforts used to depress the credit of the banks, not a solitary note has been protested, nothing like a run on any of the banks was attempted. The confidence of the community, and even of the brokers, is fast returning, and a consequence that business of every kind will become brisk.

Carey, Lea & Blanchard have published the second number of the "Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby," which will be found equally as interesting as the first number. It is published in a large octavo form, and sold at the low price of 12½ cents per number.

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THE CLUB

Thursday's the Queen of Love,
Friday's favored all the Muses—

HORACE IN PHILADELPHIA.—SECOND SERIES.
ODE XXXIII.—TO HE ALBIN TIBULLA.

An old gentleman of 60, who has lately
fallen in love with Miss Catherine
M'Conn, a damsel of about 17.

"Albi, ne doleas plus nimio, memor," &c.

Albius, you should not grieve so much
About the cruelty Miss M'Conn
Is feeder of a younger man—
Fear the grim one nearly nothing—
Tears will not make you more a captain
And fall tears shorty years have gone!
Lycidas is now out for a dance
The laughing hoyd'n's heart to touch.

Yet you at long long times before,
Oh fellow rebel your propositions etc;
Perhaps, 'tis even probable
That you the belief of love mistaken;
If so, you're nothing to be shaken
With music of flutes, to the part
Of Lycidas, you're the object
To whom your trust is youthful pride,
With all the rest not rich, beside.

Your one days are parted and gone!
As if today's the same as yore
The second childhood may come on,
Miss more than you suppose.

Pyrrha, you said that love is blind,
And therefore upon the hapless Ken
Will not your pretty eyes be kind
Till the poor person can lose—
Pyrrha, I'll you please, in sooth
Do not your years age,
The Wellman called "the great regard,"
That the little mother's eyes

As the dance will show;
For then she is sweet is declared'd—

"I, Coral, being lifted by birth,
Can Wellman Cecilia and Knight,
Beneath the family of sight,
And now I know what's what and which is which,
And pretty lessons and your tender tich,
And sweetie bowls of common earth,
From Coral, in Dryden's monstrosities,
Child's porcelain of Mandarin nature,
Creation of superior worth,
I was right about case, but now I'm bright,
Thanks to prime Wellman Cecilia and Knight."

No doubt, th' advertisement you've met
To some versions Horatian
And this reflection
Brings my old grammar to my recollection,
I once heard the remark escape her,
"It must be true, I saw it in the paper."

I ev'ry once ago; and (correct me if I pain'd
I am not memorizing not mis-in'd;
Age should be wise; but wisdom plays no part
When the heart of love is touched;
Age is not wise, nor youth without deceit,
Wise age and youth in consistency meet.

Go then, my friend, forget this while,
Thy morning hours and regret pain
Are not the objects meide admire;—
Old wood may make the brightest fire,
Of it you may have no doubt,
Old books, perchance, are best to read!
But sure I am that no old men
Will die of the heart of KARY M'CANN.

August 18, 1838.

The gallant Sir Thomas Thompson, who *lost his left leg* in the battle of Waterloo, and who has been a constant occupant, that still used his left leg, and his left leg only. How can this be? And one of the Commissioners who joined the gallant retreat; because my right leg is the only one that is now *left* to me.

A REASONABLE REQUEST.—The editor of a "down east" paper, requests those of his subscribers who have failed to pay, to give him advice as soon as possible.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Minds are, as Bacon says, but different tenses of the same verb. Truth wakes as the Goddess did. Like her, we are. And they who place themselves with faith and fearlessness in the presence in regard to our American Institutions, find themselves in doing so side by side with the greatest spirits who are leading the van of civilization all over the world.

A London philosopher was asked by one of his disciples, the other day, how it was that God made one ear, one eye, and two eyes, and but one mouth and tongue?—"I do not know," but this we may know from this, that we should hear and see at least twice as much as we speak."

GALLANTRY.—While the Brady Guards were encamped at Buffalo, a gentleman and lady passed in a coach one of the sentinels on duty. "I have still the *ladies*," said he, "and promise I am content now."—"You have a counterpart upon each side," was the gallant reply, and the gentleman and lady were permitted to pass.

PENNY ROYAL.—Farmers might easily save the flesh of horses and cows, and costly grass bushes of their annoyance by preventing the first appearance of flies by simply washing the parts with a strong decoct of penny royal. Flies will not alight a moment on the spot to which this has been applied. Every one knows how tormenting flies are, and every one knows this simple remedy, and every livery stable and country inn, ought to have it supply on hand forever, forever.

STEAMBOAT ARRIVOTE.—At the bursting of a boiler, a stout yankee plunged into the river and saved the life of his captain. As soon as they reached the shore, the captain was profuse in his thanks for saving him from his fate. "Oh your thanks, my beartty," said the other, "for I only saved you from the water in the hope that I should be rewarded for seeing you hanged for the wilful murder of your passengers."

FEMALE INDENUITY.—The Parisian belle, short and corpulent, dressed and tipped with flowers as the ornament of their head-dresses. This arrow it, no doubt, protected against the hosts of their admirers; and indeed the contrivance is ingenious—for if the arrow should come in contact with diamonds, we should think, are likely to produce a very powerful impression!

PROFOUND THOUGHT.—There are many persons addicted to reverie, who, as Shakespeare says, "think they think," and are proud of their wool-gathering. One of this was affectionately interrogated the other day by a friend. "Tom, my boy, if you think so hard, you will surely break your head."

"What makes your milk look so blue, Mr. X.—does it run near the pump?" "No sarre, my cows run across the road every yesterday, and they washed water, that's all."

A gentleman in New York, having invented a machine for decollocating the delightful principle of tight-lacing, concludes his notice by observing that it *opens the fable de beaute from turn into the star of a ben bandit!*

LOW CASE.—The following was stated by a Professor at Paris to his pupils. "A gentleman dying, made his will, in which he provided, that if his wife, shortly to be confined, should have a boy, he would make over the whole of the property and his mother the remainder, but if it was a girl then the mother should have two-thirds and the daughter one-third. Now it happened, that a boy and a girl were born. The Professor concluded how the property was to be divided according to the will. He was asked by a number of the pupils and asked him gravely—"Sir, what was the intention of the Testator?"—"Sir," returned the examiner, "his intention was to have only one child."

A painter, at a watering place, being at the examination of Painters. Then the name of the poor King *Stanislus* was most cruelly bellowed forth. Observed to a country man who sat near him, and who inquired the name of the character, that the *sheepish* actor made it *Actual Fact*.

WAR AND PEACE.—The difference between war and peace has been well defined by one of the ancients: "In the time of peace the sons bury their fathers; in the time of war the fathers bury their sons."

LONG BEARD.—The longest beard recorded in history, was that of John Mayo, minister to the Emperor Charles V. Though he was a tall man it is said his beard was so long that he could tread upon it. He was very vain of his beard and usually fastened it with a ribbon to his button hole; and sometimes he would send it by command of the Emperor, who took great pleasure in seeing the vexed blow of to the faces of the courtiers.

DR. CHANNING ON MUSIC.

I have said, a word on the importance of music in education. Let me add, that I regard it as the best means of awakening the moral nature of children. Nothing else, I think, so much softens and purifies the heart, so much opens the sympathies to the beautiful and good, so much prepares the way for the influences of religion. Music is the nearest approach to heaven of anything we have on earth. Its power is wonderful, and we cannot be too careful to secure for children the best influences of this kind. Let them learn to sing, and let them learn to sing the best music.

THE LATE COMMODORE RODGERS.

The death of this gallant officer, which occurred at Norfolk, Va. on the 1st inst. has called forth many tributes of respect to his memory. The following is from the Norfolk Herald:

Commodore Rodgers was born in Havre de Grace, Md. on the 6th inst. from the residence of Commodore Rodgers. He was attended by many members of the Navy, and by a large number of citizens, by a detachment of Marines, a company of Artillery, and a company of Infantry. The funeral was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Wyatt, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Gwin. During the ceremony of the procession minute guns were fired at the Navy Yard; and after the procession had left the yard, the Marines fired the customary salute. They were then followed to the grave by the Marines, by the officers of the Navy Yard, and by the officers of the Station, and by the officers of the Revenue Cutter Service. The Rodgers family and the Navy as a government, in the year 1838. He was 52 years of age. He was appointed a Midshipman in the Navy from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and was a Lieutenant in the year 1809, when he was appointed to the Virginia Convoy, and proceeded to the Mediterranean as part of a squadron of vessels, under the command of Commodore Stephen Decatur, to punish further outrages from the Barbary States.

In 1810, he was appointed to the Virginia Convoy, and proceeded to the Mediterranean as part of a squadron of vessels, under the command of Commodore Stephen Decatur, to punish further outrages from the Barbary States.

In 1812, he was appointed to the command of the John Adams, and was ordered to the Mediterranean—destroyed the Mashouda of 22 guns, "the largest vessel ever taken from the Turks," and performed other valuable services.

In 1826, he was appointed to the Virginia Convoy, and proceeded to the Mediterranean as part of a squadron of vessels, under the command of Commodore Stephen Decatur, to punish further outrages from the Barbary States.

Public monuments, bringing multitudes together, are known to kindle a sympathy of heart, the same innocent joy, having a luminizing influence—and among these bonds of society, are those of music. Music is the universal language of peace. What a fulness of enjoyment has one with a young family! How proudly the surrounded with an atmosphere which may be imaged into a heaven! And yet this garden of flowers is soon lost upon us, through want of culture of the ornaments which this provision is to be applied.

AN INCIDENT, OR A BIT OF ROMANCE.

A few years ago, when a single steamboat made its semi-monthly voyage upon Lake Erie, from Buffalo to Detroit, touching at Cleveland, Sandusky, &c. and when its arrival was looked forward to almost daily as an incident that created no little bustle, we were standing among the crowd upon the wharf at Buffalo, watching the passengers barrying on board the Superior, Capt. Shepherson, which was in a few moments to take its departure for Detroit. There was a large number of passengers, mostly consisting of emigrants to the then State Territory of Michigan. Among the different groups upon the deck were a couple of females, and at the meridian of life, who were in earnest conversation with a young female, who, while a friend, a friend of "blooming seventeen," their daughter, elsewhere, by the appearance of the tear in the eye and absorption, which betrayed the intense interest she felt in the subject.

We learned that the couple had been long attached to each other, but the young lady had been unable to conciliate her parents to marry their daughter. She was evidently child, and after repeated efforts on her part were not sunk as unswayed the views they intended for her daughter. Her mother, a widow, had come from home for several weeks, and on his return to his great surprise and chagrin, he found that his child had left home, and accompanied by her mother, and with his wife and daughter had departed for Michigan, and was then rapidly passing through the waters of this movement, and, learning that the boat would stop but a few days, his resolution was at once to follow, unprepared as he was for the journey, with only such change of linen or change of apparel. He gave no sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eye lids, till he was on board the steamboat and the waters of Lake Erie between himself and the object of his affection. As time passed away, he was the observed of all lovers, and the high state of discipline established by the gallant Shepherson, and the noble spirit of the gallant Captain, and the noble specimen of American tars which he had around him, gave the universal admiration. Returning to the United States, he was appointed Secretary of the Board of Navy Commissioners, and continued there for several years, discharging the arduous duties of that station, till his consistency and fidelity and ability, and his unsullied character, pointed him out as the person to whom the Secretaryship of the Navy was first tendered, and which he accepted, and held with distinguished honor to himself and to the country.

Of his personal character, it may be added, though of quiet temper, he was noble and generous in his disposition. He was a friend to charity. Though stern in his appearance, he was kind and affectionate in his family. The story of his noble and successful exertions to save two young ladies from the massacre at Cape Francois—his sublime efforts to rescue a family of negro women and children from a fire down the Susquehanna, which were also crowned with success, must be told as characteristic incidents in the life of a man whose noblenes of his character shall be filled up by faithful History.

The Ladies' Department.

WOMAN.

Is it in the sunshine or shade, in prosperity or adversity, that the female character displays its truest glory?

It is in the young and girlish scenes of public life, or in the more sober and retired duties of domestic female that she excites admiration? Is it in the splendid assemblies of fashion, in the gilded haunts of pleasure, and floating in syllabub heaven through the mazes of the gaily dancing throng, or in the more quiet and unobtrusive tender offspring, or administering to the comfort of a husband, or child? Is it in public—where is she so lovely as when we behold her in the chamber of sickness, and at the bed of sickness, and cheering with her last faint parting look, the last dread of death—at the last dreary parting hour, who like her can touch the cords of affection or light the torch of hope in the dark bosom of despair?

The pride of manhood soon bows beneath the weight of sickness and suffering and sinks to the behold him in the morning of life, in the bloom of manhood, in the midst of his pride, his strength and beauty—but soon struck by the hand of misfortune, and languishing like the lovely willow—Yes, it is then that he looks around and supports him through the trying hour.